

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Can You Climb WORD LADDERS

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|------|------|
| SOFT | FAST |
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| | |
| | |
| HARD | WISE |

War is the time to give up soft life for hard work. Now is also the time to stop fast driving, if you're wise. See if you can change SOFT into HARD and FAST to WISE in five or less moves, changing one letter at a time and leaving a good word each time.

—If you're passing through town—

IN this era of theatrical surprises it is somewhat risky to say any one show has everything. But I will be bold. I think "Full Swing" is excellent. It is at the Palace Theatre, London. Is there any other woman who could do so much with a gingerbread cake as Cicely Courtneidge? I know of no one. She introduces her subject with frivolity, she unfolds the love story, and in so doing she makes the audience weep and laugh and weep again.

To see Jack Hulbert put on a collar and tie is a riot of fun. But then, if you have seen this inimitable pair you will know what I mean. If you haven't, your education is lacking.

Gabrielle Brune adds glamour and sings delightfully. Kenneth Kent is very sound and enjoyable, and is ably assisted in his scheming by Jack Martin, and the fun has another notable contributor in Nora Swinburne.

The chorus is not usually applauded in London musicals, but during a reprisal air raid three girls nearly brought the house down.

The girls, Peggy Watson, Betty Martin and Iris Tulley, were doing a fantastic military number, in which they played drums. Almost deafened by the anti-aircraft barrage, they kept playing, and, what is more, kept perfect time.

A pat on the back from Jack Hulbert, too, made the girls think show business wasn't so bad after all.

Do you select your favourite chorus girl at these shows? I do! And my favourite in this show dances on the extreme right of the stage. She is a willowy brunette. Have a deco and see if you agree.

Jack Hylton has revived the "Merry Widow," and the first night at His Majesty's was on a par with pre-war openings. This lavish, and, in the main, beautiful production, is certainly a feather in the cap of this great showman.

★ BIFF! ★



Hitler, Musso, Stalin and Churchill appear in this modern version of Punch and Judy. Musso seems to have received a "Montgomery Special" as the picture was taken.

★ Showtime on leave ★

Madge Elliott, in the title role, is, to put it mildly, delightful, and George Graves, back once again in his original role as Baron Popoff, will prove as popular as ever.

The familiar swirling melodies of Lehar, superb decorative production on a revolving stage, and a grand cast, well earned it the terrific reception.

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The latest Disney short, "Der Fuehrer's Face," in which Donald Duck dreams he is an over-worked citizen of the Third Reich, is one of his most ingenious works to date.

It has everything—humour, satire, colour, and it is fast moving.

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"The Dancing Years," after touring the provinces for eighteen months, is now as popular as ever at the Adelphi. Over a million and a half theatre-goers have, to date, seen this colourful, light-hearted entertainment.

Ivor Novello is, in this story of Vienna, simple and charming, and gives the impression of being thrilled with the romance of the setting.

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A bright new revue, due to open at the Prince of Wales shortly, is "Strike a New Note," and in the cast are such names as Leni Lynn, known in America as the Hollywood Nightingale, Zoe Gail, glamorous South African starlet, and oomph girl Marion Lincoln.

Leni Lynn, who may be remembered for her part in the Rooney film, "Babes in Arms," will have her biggest London part in this lavish George Black production.

THE SHOW WITH THE LONGEST RUN

THOUGH the origin of Punch and Judy is wrapped in mystery, there is nothing more certain than its success through the ages. Whether it came from China hundreds of years ago or had its birth in the puppet-shows of seventeenth-century Italy no one knows, and children and adults have always found the show too interesting to allow of time for thinking. Punch and Judy are national figures, and easily head the list as the ideal entertainment for leisure moments at the seaside or stolen seconds in the side street. A never-failing tonic and the most enjoyable to take.

THE origin of the two most popular people in Britain is uncertain. Some people claim that Punch and Judy originated in China, other claims say they came from Italian puppet shows about 1700. But although the origin may be disputed, few will deny that these two great characters have made a very notable contribution to British entertainment.

In spite of the rapid sophistication of amusements, several famous shows are, to this day, still surviving.

To make the Punch and Judy the thriving business it now is, many generations of uphill work has been necessary. There are several celebrated families in the business, and, in particular, three names justify mention.

When "Professor" John Maggs died at the age of 71, he had completed 64 years' association with puppets. With his dying breath he expressed the desire that one of his sons should continue to enact the age-old drama of Punch and Judy, just as his father and his father's father had done before.

William, the eldest son, gave up his chosen profession, and, using his father's 200-year-old figure of Punch, started a tour of Britain. He is in the Forces now, but after the war he will carry on again.

Four Generations

Some of the puppets in the Staddon show have been in the family four generations, and are still being used by Bertie Staddon, who, before the war, had a prosperous pitch at Boscombe. Several cousins and two uncles of this great showman also have shows in this country and America.

George Pegram, stocky, cheerful, Cockney Punch and Judy man, has been on tour for



This is the original version of the Punch and Judy show—and this small audience is watching it in a London by-street.

nearly half a century. His time when he will be able to script was written by the Dickensian artist, Cruickshank, about 70 years ago.

Youth Takes a Hand

There are numerous romantic stories connected with Punch and Judy shows; in 1939, fourteen-year-old Jimmy Clark, of Sheffield, was so enthralled with a performance that he shouted a warning to the policeman that Punch was about to strike him. Others in the audience glared at Jimmy because his voice bore a remarkable resemblance to that of Punch.

Next day he went behind-scenes and helped the showman, practised the dialogue, learnt all the tricks. And when he returned home he amazed his parents with a faultless Punch and Judy show with improvised dolls.

Now, with stage and scenery and papier-mache dolls which he has made, he entertains his school chums, practising for the

In 1940 a Cardiff alderman devised a Punch and Judy show as a corporation enterprise.

In the summer the show toured the parks and playgrounds, and in the winter months the schools and hospitals.

A Continental Debut

A British Punch and Judy show was given in Paris in 1938, before an audience of French showmen. The occasion was the closing of French Puppet Guild, and the English showmen, gathered from seaside resorts, were praised as never before.

There are other stories—stories of the hardships of rainy summers—of depression, and of devotion to their rag dolls; but the real story of this clan, who are apart from other showmen, will for ever remain unknown, except to those who perch for hours in the tent and exhort the quaint, croaky noises.



Some faces photographed watching a Punch and Judy show. There's little need for us to tell you these youngsters enjoyed it.

★ MISS PEGGY WATSON (Palace Chorine). ★

Peggy Watson started dancing at school, and at the age of fourteen she had a small part in a ballet scene at the Strand Theatre. Within five years she was chosen from among thousands of London chorines as "Miss Theatre—1939 Version," at which time she was considered to be London's perfect chorus girl. At the outbreak of war Peggy was in America, and she returned to London immediately, to dance for G. B. Cochran at the Trocadero. She is now in the "Full Swing" chorus at the Palace Theatre, Cambridge Circus.

Periscope
Page

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS QUIZ

for today



Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

HOW long I remained asleep I cannot tell, but when I awoke, the sun seemed sinking towards the horizon. Captain Nemo was already on his feet, and I was stretching myself when an unexpected apparition brought me quickly to my feet.

A few steps off an enormous spider, more than a yard high, was looking at me with his squinting eyes ready to spring upon me. Although my dress was thick enough to defend me against the bite of this animal, I could not restrain a movement of horror. Conseil and the sailor of the *Nautilus* awoke at that moment. Captain Nemo showed his companions the hideous crustacean, and a blow from the butt-end of a gun killed it, and I saw its horrible claws writhe in horrible convulsions.

This incident reminded me that other animals, more to be feared, might haunt these obscure depths, and that my diver's dress would not protect me against their attacks. I had not thought of that before, and resolved to be on my guard. I supposed that this halt marked the limit of our excursion, but I was mistaken, and instead of returning to the *Nautilus*, Captain Nemo went on.

The ground still inclined and took us to greater depths. It must have been about three o'clock when we reached a narrow valley between two high cliffs, situated about seventy-five fathoms deep.



I knew how deep we were because the obscurity became so profound—not an object was visible at ten paces. I walked along groping, when I suddenly saw a white light shine out. Captain Nemo had just lighted his electric lamp. His companion imitated him. Conseil and I followed their example.

At last, about four o'clock, this wonderful excursion was ended. A wall of superb rocks rose up before us, enormous granite cliffs, impossible to climb. It was the island of Crespo. Captain Nemo stopped suddenly. Here ended the domains of the captain.

The return began. Captain Nemo again kept at the head of his little band, and directed his steps without hesitation. I thought, I perceived that we were not returning to the *Nautilus* by the road we had come. This new one was very steep, and consequently very painful. We approached the surface of the sea rapidly. But this return to the upper beds was not so sudden as to produce the internal lesions

so fatal to divers. Very soon light reappeared and increased, and as the sun was already low on the horizon refraction edged the different objects with a spectral ring.

At a depth of ten yards we were walking in a swarm of little fish of every sort, more numerous than birds in the air, and more agile, too. But no aquatic game worthy of a shot had as yet met our gaze.

At that moment I saw the captain put his gun to his shoulder and follow a moving object into the shrubs. He fired, I heard a feeble hissing, and an animal fell a few steps from us.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness, but will still keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

John Keats.

It was a magnificent sea-otter, the only quadruped which is exclusively marine. This otter was five feet long, and must have been very valuable. Its skin, chestnut brown above and silvery underneath, was certainly worth at least eighty pounds. I admired this curious mammal—its rounded head and short ears, round eyes and white whiskers, like those of a cat, with webbed feet and claws and tufted tail. Captain Nemo's companion took it up and threw it over his shoulders, and we continued our route.



I was worn out by fatigue when we at last perceived a faint light half a mile off. Before twenty minutes were over we should be on board and able to breathe with ease, for it seemed to me that my reservoir of air was getting very deficient in oxygen, but I did not reckon upon a meeting which delayed our arrival.

I was about twenty steps behind Captain Nemo when he suddenly turned towards me. With his vigorous hand he threw me to the ground, whilst his companion did the same to Conseil. At first I did not know what to think of this sudden attack, but I was reassured when I saw that the captain lay down beside me and remained perfectly motionless.

I was stretched on the ground just under the shelter of a bush of algæ, when, on raising my head, I perceived enormous masses throwing phosphorescent gleams pass blusteringly by.

My blood froze in my veins. I saw two formidable dogfish with enormous tails and a dull and glassy stare. Monstrous brutes which would crush a whole man in their jaws! I do not know if Conseil stayed to classify them. For my part, I noticed their silver stomachs and their formidable mouths bristling with teeth from a very unscientific point of view—more as a possible victim than as a naturalist.



Happily, these voracious animals see badly. They passed without perceiving us, brushing us with their brownish fins, and we escaped, as if by a miracle, this danger, certainly greater than the meeting of a tiger in a forest.

Half an hour after, guided by the electric light, we reached the *Nautilus*. The outside door had remained open, and Captain Nemo closed it as soon as we had entered the first cell. Then he pressed a knob. I heard the pumps worked inside the vessel. I felt the water lower around me, and in a few moments the cell was entirely empty. The inner door then opened, and we entered the wardrobe-room.

There our diving dresses were taken off, and, quite worn out from want of food and sleep, I returned to my room, lost in wonder at this surprising excursion under the sea.

(Continued to-morrow)

The liberty of the Press is the Palladium of all the civil, political and religious rights of an Englishman.
Junius (1770).

Let me smile with the wise, and feed with the rich.
Samuel Johnson.

Take a Tip—with Captain Cuttle

TEST your knowledge of the rules of our most popular games.

CRICKET.
Question: Is it permitted to change from over-arm bowling to under-arm in the middle of an over? Answer: Yes. Question: Does the umpire have to be told? Answer: Yes, and he must inform the batsman, in case the latter wishes to take a fresh guard.

FOOTBALL.
Question: The game is started by kicking the ball forwards. Suppose the centre-forward kick it backwards? Answer: No penalty. He has to kick off again (the game hadn't started). Question: The centre-forward is right up in his opponents' penalty area, with only the opposing goalkeeper behind him. His own goalkeeper takes a terrific goal-kick. The ball reaches the centre-forward, who scores. Is he offside, or is it a goal? Answer: It is a goal. A player can't be offside from a goal-kick.

Question: The goalkeeper, lying full length in the penalty area near the edge of the box, fists a dropping ball away. His fist is over the line, but no part of his body touches the ground outside the box. What does the referee say? Answer: He says a free kick for handling.

SNOOKER.
Question: The score is level at 50-all, with pink and black left on the table. Then one player is disqualified for holding up the game unreasonably. What is the final score? Answer: The other player is entitled to all points remaining on the table, so he wins 63-50.

DARTS.
Question: He wanted double one to win. The dart broke, the feathers being caught in the single one while the steel point went fairly into the double one bed. Had he won? Answer: Yes. It's the point of the dart that counts for scoring.



Give it a name Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

How to write Short Stories—6

“DEVELOPING THE PLOT”

BY C. GORDON GLOVER

ARISING momentum of interest is pretty well essential to every story with a “plot”—that is to say, to the “commercial” or magazine-type tale, which is the one we are discussing. It is perfectly true that many of the world's greatest short stories have no “plot,” in the accepted sense, at all. These are not the tales told by the professional “trickster” (which is, after all, what the commercial story-writer happens to be), but tales told by great artists. The quality of such stories lies in the beauty of their prose, the depth of their understanding, and the sense of genuine emotion conveyed by the writer. They conform to no patterns—the commercial story, in a sense, must. The trick of suspense must be brought off, and the sting in the tail well sheathed until the last moment, when it unexpectedly (and yet, of course, expectedly) darts out. By the time he is two-thirds of the way through the story the reader's eyes should be travelling twice as fast down the print as when he started. What is going to happen? So

wonder the readers of that most perfectly shaped tale of O. Henry's in which the impoverished and much-in-love young couple separately decide to give each other a Christmas present. The young man sells his beloved watch, and with the money buys for his wife a beautiful comb. The reader weeps with him and for his ennobling sentiment. What has his wife bought for him? With a bitter and devastating sting the story ends. She has fared forth, cut off and sold her lovely hair, and, with the money, bought her husband—a watch-chain!

Now, there is no story in the world whose climax is crueller or cleverer than in this one. The climax of my own humble tale is not in this exalted class. Nevertheless the reader wants—I hope—to know what happens next. The atmosphere is all set to produce a ghost, and yet we have: “Cardew saw no ghost there that afternoon. . . . He stared defiantly into the room that had been shut up fifty years ago. And then his heart stopped—thin, and clear, and old, the clock in the twilight room struck six.”

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Czechoslovakia.
2. Maxim Litvinov, Soviet Ambassador to Washington.
3. Small American Army truck—yonger brother of the “jeep.”
4. None.
5. Conrad Veidt.
6. “Steel”—it is also a surname, as in English.
7. Rossini.
8. 1939.
9. Somerset Maugham. The leading character was supposed to be Thomas Hardy.
10. France.
11. Waterloo.
12. The Sea of Galilee.

“Perhaps,” said the judge, “counsel will explain the expression ‘Sez you’?”

“My lud,” commented counsel, “it is slang of American origin that has gained currency here, employed to indicate a state of dubiety as to the veracity of a statement made by the speaker.”

“Oh yeah?” said the judge. —Evening News.

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| J | A | N | F | S |
| G | A | B | O | A |
| M | U | F | E | A |
| H | A | I | T | S |
| T | A | N | I | A |

Here are five famous Mediterranean ports. The names are in the right columns, but not in the right lines. Can you sort them out?

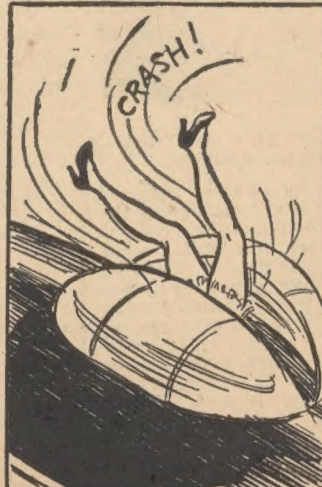
It was not part of their blood,
It came to them very late,
With long arrears to make good,
When the English began to hate.

Rudyard Kipling.

JANE



At the cost of her skirt Jane slides into the observer's cabin through the blister skylight....



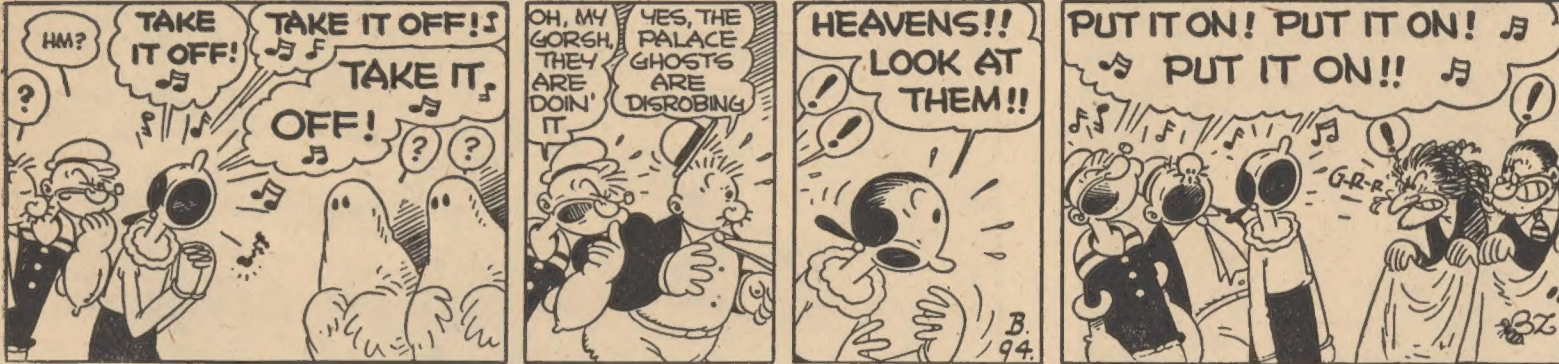
Beelzebub Jones



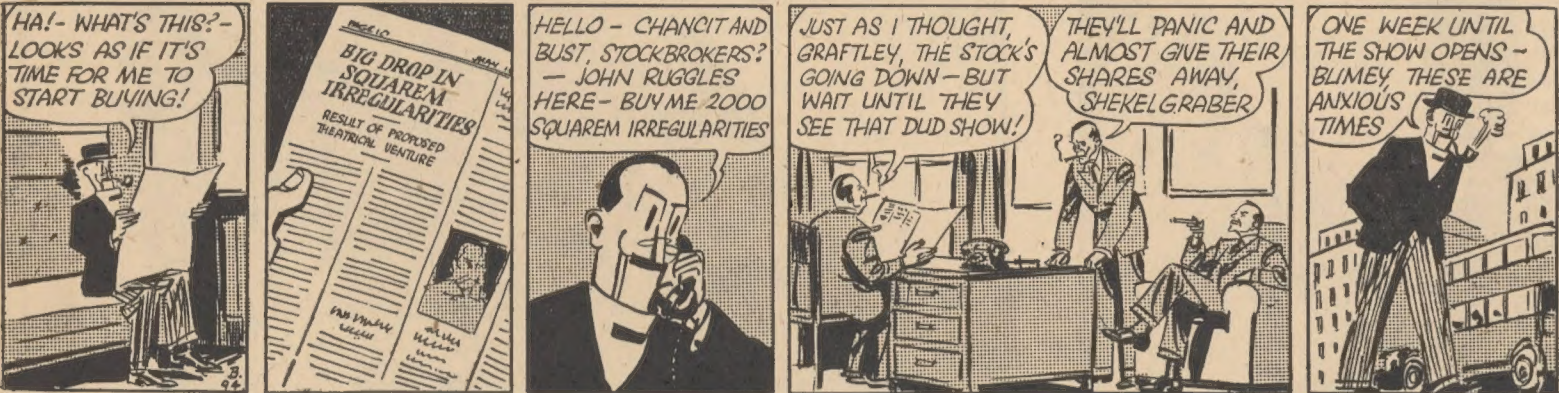
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NELSON'S COLUMN

CUP-TIE football has proved so attractive this season that receipts from first-round matches in the Northern Competition are more than double those of last year. The money is paid into a pool to be distributed among clubs at the close of the season. Southern clubs, contributing to the pool for the first time, have been equally successful as gate-drawers, so that everyone should receive a handsome dividend when the competition ends.

Lincoln City, knocked out in the first round, closed down for the season rather than arrange friendly matches, which, the directors said, would have no public appeal.

GEORGE GREEN, Charlton Athletic's Welsh international half-back, believes in being handy. Last season he played for Charlton in every position except goal.

This season he needs only to turn out as outside-left to equal that record.

Small wonder Charlton fans say HOW GREEN IS THE VALLEY!

THE Edward J. Neil trophy, awarded annually by American sporting writers to the outstanding boxer of the year, has this year been awarded to Barney Ross, former world welterweight champion.

Ross retired in 1938. But he gets it—For bravery in protecting three wounded comrades from intense machine-gun fire during Japanese attacks at Guadalcanar, while fighting with the U.S. Marines.

RUNNERS, walkers and cyclists are to compete against each other in a novel race being organised by the London Fire Force at Paddington.

The walkers will cover seven miles and the runners ten in a series of one-mile laps on roads adjoining the Recreation Ground.

Meanwhile, the cyclists must do 24 miles on the track inside the ground!

Give us a Spitfire and we'll take on the lot!

REMEMBER Tommy Cook, former England and Brighton and Hove centre-forward and Sussex county cricketer? Tommy is now a corporal in the South African Air Force. He was in the Navy in the last war.

O. R. Fulljames, one-time Rosslyn Park Rugby skipper? Fulljames is chaplain of new battleship, "Anson."

Eddie Catlin, Sheffield Wednesday and Aston Villa full-back? He has qualified as a Soccer referee—while still an active player.

Brian Gomm, West Bromwich Albion centre-forward, and Reg. Allen, Queen's Park Rangers' goalkeeper? They're war-prisoners in Italy.

Big Jim Barrett, West Ham centre-half? He's now 37; will soon complete 21 years in Soccer; and is still playing great stuff for Bradford City, to whom he has been loaned!

JOHN NELSON.

★ HEARD THIS ONE? ★

The burly, braggartly sergeant-at-arms walked into the bar, somewhere out East, and, picking up a lemon, squeezed the juice out of it. "There you are, m'lads," he bawled, "see if you can get any more out of it."

One by one the company tried without success.

At last an undersized ship's writer came up and squeezed a couple of teaspoonsful more juice out.

The sergeant stared open-mouthed. "Say, what were you? Circus strong man or something?" he asked.

"No," casually replied the little chap, "I was an income tax collector."

Ikey and Moses, partners, were in the Synagogue together—their annual duty visit.

Half-way through the service Ikey gasped. "Mo," he said, "I've thought of something terrible."

"Vot is it?" asked Moses.

"Vell, I have left the key in the safe at the office."

"Vell, vot is the vorry?" said Moses. "Ve're all here."

"What have you done with that book, 'How to Live a Hundred Years'?" asked the wife, who had been searching the room for some considerable time.

"You don't think I'm going to leave that lying around with your mother in the house, do you?" was the reply.

He was in hospital, recovering from wounds received in a naval action.

"Nurse," he whispered, "I'm in love with you. I don't want to get better."

"Don't worry—you won't," she cheerfully replied. "The Surgeon-Commander wants to marry me, too, and he saw you kissing me."

Down Limehouse way a coloured A.R.P. warden was rendering useful service coaxing his motley charges to black-out their establishments and homes.

It was tough work. Not all could speak English, and some who could were dull of understanding.

So, back and forth, perspiring, he went, knocking on doors,

explaining, demonstrating, demonstrating.

As he paused for a breather at the corner of the street, a special constable rolled up, and, recognising the A.R.P. badge, stopped for a chat.

The warden, wearily explaining his difficulties, related a few of his experiences, and, cupping his hands to light a cigarette, added, "And I talk to them until I'm black in the face."

As the light from the warden's match lit up his face, the constable started. "Run to the post, quick," he exclaimed. "You've overdone it."

"The fight" had dragged on for ten rounds, without either of the contestants looking any the worse for wear.

The referee had repeatedly cautioned them for holding, and told them to go in and mix it.

At last a meek little man crawled under the ropes. Tapping the boxer nearest him on the shoulder, he said, "Excuse me. May I have the next DANCE?"

THIS ONE GOES ROUND AND ROUND

Here is an old puzzle, so good that it's worth reviving. This is the way it was put by one of the puzzle kings—H. E. Dudeney:—

A rope is passed over a pulley. It has a weight at one end and a monkey at the other. There is the same length of rope on either side and equilibrium is maintained. The rope weighs four ounces per foot. The age of the monkey and the age of the monkey's mother together total four years. The weight of the monkey is as many pounds as the monkey's mother is years old. The monkey's mother is twice as old as the monkey was when the monkey's mother was half as old as the monkey will be when the monkey is three times as old as the monkey's mother was when the monkey's mother was three times as old as the monkey. The weight of the rope and the weight at the end was half as much again as the difference in weight between the weight of the weight and the weight and the weight of the monkey. Now, what was the length of the rope?

CROSSWORD CORNER

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| 28 | 29 | 30 | | 31 | | 32 | |
| 33 | | | | | | 34 | |
| 35 | | | | | 36 | | |

- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Equip.
 - 5 Talks.
 - 9 Sitting-room.
 - 10 Intelligence.
 - 11 Scent.
 - 12 Counterpart.
 - 13 Stones over doors.
 - 15 Wrath.
 - 16 Suffice.
 - 17 Holster.
 - 19 Obliterate.
 - 21 Hag.
 - 23 Ornamental vessel.
 - 26 Domesticated.
 - 28 Aloof.
 - 31 Scene of contest.
 - 33 Rebels.
 - 34 Part of theatre.
 - 35 European.
 - 36 Appellation.
- Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Disseminate.
 - 2 Golf clubs.
 - 3 Cloyed.
 - 4 Touchy.
 - 5 Crucial point.
 - 6 Tarry for.
 - 7 Feline animal.
 - 8 Horse.
 - 9 Head.
 - 14 Beast of burden.
 - 18 Illness.
 - 20 Plaything.
 - 21 Pigs.
 - 22 Quit.
 - 24 Expert.
 - 25 Make exultant.
 - 27 Support for sails.
 - 29 Bench with back.
 - 30 Perch.
 - 32 Nothing.

HAPHAZARD P
MOOT LARGO
GULP TENORS
ASK GARGLES
PEASANT LYE
APT B
BADGERS BEG
ICE SUNDIAL
BOBS MEAGRE
RUED ERODE
INTERPRET S

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



Oh! NO you don't, rabbit—not so easy as that! You've got to do penance. . . . Right down. . . . RIGHT DOWN. . . . Put that ear down, too . . . and don't look so beastly miserable about it. My name's Timoshenko, and I've played with lion cubs. . . . You don't expect me to sacrifice half my breakfast without a "show," do you?

FOOT-LIGHTS

Anne Singer, London blitz heroine, Windmill Theatre soubrette, very glamorous young lady, is also a brilliant scholar. She passed the General School and Matriculation Examinations with ease, and is now studying for a degree. Born in London, Anne started to dance when she was eight. She liked it very much, and thought she would like to make it her career. Her mother said no, or at least until she had passed all her school examinations. At fourteen she won a students' dancing championship, and then her mother wondered. While she was still wondering, Anne made up her mind. She attended a London academy, and then, when she was sixteen, she set out to seek a job. After pounding many miles of pavement, and after knocking the doors of many agents, she at last got a break. Eventually she got to the Windmill—that was nearly six years ago—and she is still there.



This England . . .



Her cargo may not be romantic, and her hold may never be packed tight with Oriental spices and merchandise of great wealth, but she has plowed her way round the coast of this England in all weathers, delivering the necessities of commerce with regularity and pride. Now she is "home" . . . lazily revelling in her hard-earned rest . . . recuperating for her next trip to—who knows where?



HONKY DONK

Talk about "having an ear for music"! Lummy! "Neddy's" got TWO! And doesn't he look engrossed? Bet that organ's playing "Knocked 'em darn the Old Kent Road," and he just can't get over it.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Crikey, he calls that music."

